

the hate you give, i cut it off by themundaneweirdo

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Summary:

This is what he's done to her.

the hate you give, i cut it off

Author's Note:

I know I'm a few days late, but my bff came to town for a few days. And this update is a little shitty because I'm trying to keep the angst low for right now, and plus I'm jumping into the Queen fandom (yes, the rock band), and I've come to the conclusion that I may write and publish an original piece regarding Freddie Mercury.

But anyway, enjoy!

Max has done a lot of thinking since the homecoming dance, most of it being her conflicting emotions regarding keeping up an act with Lucas. It's hard work keeping up with two boys, especially when all she wants to do is shower one of them with love and affection, and the other, she barely wants to speak to. It's just a hassle to pretend to have interest in someone when you obviously don't have any. It's like a waiting game to see how long she'll be able to hold this act out.

She understands that it's for her own good, and for Billy's good because he's too handsome to go to jail. It's really about the whole age thing, because they aren't blood related, so technically it isn't incest. It's just that he's eighteen and she's fourteen, and if anyone found out about them, their ages alone would be enough to put him away. It's honestly not fair, because it's not Max's fault that the boy of her dreams is four years older and looks like a grown man.

But, on the other hand, she can keep her relationship with Billy a secret without leading Lucas on. It's wrong to keep his hopes up because she's already began treating him like trash without releasing it because she's too busy treating the blonde like he's her King. She doesn't even mean to be so different towards him, it's not something she consciously thinks about when she's hanging out with her friends.

Max sees how cute and adorable, and sometimes suffocatingly, close El and Mike are, and Lucas likes to mimic their actions. If he manages to put his arm around her, she tenses because that's what Billy likes

to do. Lucas's arm is thin and barely muscled where the blondes is thick and definitely built with tough ropes of muscle. Even if the dark skinned boy calls Max a little nickname, say 'sweetie' or 'baby', she can hear how wrong it sounds rolling off his tongue. It all feels so wrong to her because those things are reserved for Billy.

She honestly feels like she's cheating on Billy, because she allows herself to be subjected to Lucas. He's trying really hard to fix whatever he thinks is broken, but in reality, Max is the one who broke their relationship. And, the bad thing is, she doesn't feel that bad about ruining the relationship. She just feels bad about leading Lucas on.

Max has had her mind made up since the night of the dance, that she's going to break up with Lucas. She's not doing it because she necessarily wants to completely cut him off, because truthfully, he is a good friend. He was the first person to open up and take her in as a friend, and no matter what happens between her and the dark skinned boy, she'd like to keep her friends. Sure, the Party might have a distaste of her for a good while, but they'll eventually let up and give her a second chance. She just hopes that Lucas will understand, because it really is her and not him.

Max keeps telling herself that as she walks to her locker.

She's pulling nervously at her shirt, because it isn't even hers, it's one of Billy's that he doesn't wear regularly. It's a deep blue shirt, the cotton fabric is thinning, and there's a few holes near the bottom. She's hoping no-one will take notice to the clothing, it's so comfortable and soft from the years of wear that the blonde has put it through. Max doesn't think she can part with it, it's something of his that she can have and not worry too much about people picking it up on it.

Max glances around, and to her confusion, almost everyone in the hallway is looking at her. What the Hell? She panics on the inside, because what if they know it's her step-brother shirt she's wearing? Would they know that they're dating?

Quickening her steps, she makes it to her locker in record time. Max turns the keypad and swings the door open, meaning to reach in and

pull out a science book. She stops as a note tumbles out of her locker. She catches it and unfolds it, frowning when she reads Lucas' scribble handwriting.

'Meet me at outside the gym at third period. I have something to talk with you about.'

Max isn't able to focus on much during her first and second periods, because all she can think about is what Lucas wants to talk to her about. What if it's a surprise present? How is she supposed to break up with him if he's presenting a gift of some sorts to her? It's not like she can tell him that's she's leaving him while he's giving her a surprise, that wouldn't even be remotely okay. She can't find a way for this to play out good, especially since Lucas is more than likely looking forward to seeing her. And, she's going to break his heart.

If it comes down to it, Max can hold out for a little bit more. She doesn't have to break up with him today, she can let him think everything is okay, just like she's been doing. There wouldn't be a difference, really, except that she'd be pushing herself to the limits. She doesn't want to play happy girlfriend with Lucas anymore, she just wants to be a happy girlfriend with Billy. It's literally exhausting trying to keep up with two boys, but only one of them really matter to her anyway. She would rather sit in the Camaro with Billy in silence than she would have a conversation with Lucas.

Max feels selfish about it sometimes, because if she sits and thinks about it, she knows Lucas cares about her. She knows that he'd stare down a creature from the Upside Down if it meant keeping her safe, and he would happily get shit from the Party if it meant spending more time with her. He's whipped and Max doesn't have a clue why. She's so absent when she's with him, it's like she's not even there because she doesn't speak or attempt to join in on his happy banter.

Third period bell is ringing before Max can get her books together and in her bag. She shrugs her bag on her shoulder before rushing out the door, pushing past slow kids in the hallway. She's just ready to get whatever Lucas wants to talk about over with.

Just as the note said, Lucas is waiting just outside the gym for her. His face is straight and even a little tense, which sends red flags up in

her head. He's not a mean looking person, but right now, Max would categorize him as somewhat threatening. Lucas' shoulders are square and pulled back, and it reminds Max of how Billy looks before he gets into a fight with someone.

"Hey," Max says, low and breathy and she walks up to him.

"Hey," he replies as he turns to face her completely, his hands being shoved into his pockets and his face turns a little softer in expression. That alone helps Max get comfortable, because before, she was cautious on him. Now, he seems almost normal. "I'm glad you made it."

She grins. "So, what did you want to talk about?"

"I need to ask you a question, and answer honestly."

Max nods, and he continues. "Why weren't you at the dance? No, better yet, why were you seen driving off with some senior?"

She feels her breath going short. She wasn't expecting Lucas to be so bold, or to even ask her about the dance. Her cheeks heat up as she thinks about the fact that she was seen driving past the dance in Billy's car, and even if people didn't recognize him or the car, she was seen cheating on Lucas.

Max clears her throat. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Are you lying?," he inquires.

Max stays quiet.

"I didn't want to believe it at first, ya know? You're my girlfriend, so why would I listen to someone else's word over you?," Lucas says, kicking a few pebbles with his foot. "I remember thinking that if you said you were going to meet me at the dance, then that's what you were going to do. But, you never showed."

She can feel tears building in her eyes because she knows she's been caught in a lie. She can't fight back or anything because it's her fault. All she can do is hope that Lucas is a little air headed and doesn't figure out who the other guy is.

Lucas pinches the bridge of his nose and looks down, ignoring Max's reddening eyes. He sighs. "Look, if you were going to cheat, you could've at least made it less obvious."

"I didn't mean—"

"Well, no-one means to be a whore, Max."

Looking up into his eyes, Max slaps Lucas across the face as tears stream hot and wet down her cheeks. Her hand stings but it's no match for the emotions in her. She can't believe he's just called her such an ugly name, lowering her to such a level of calling her a whore. Max is not a whore. She may be a cheater, and she may be a bad girlfriend, but what she isn't is a floozy of any kind. Max might've done a lot of stupid shit, but it isn't any indication that he can call her that.

The sting wears off of her palm, and she briefly wonders if Lucas's face is feeling any different. No, she doesn't care if he's still hurting, because she's still hurting. He has no right calling anyone that, especially Max.

She turns on her heel, ignoring how Lucas almost seems apologetic as he calls her name, and stomps into the gym. Her shoes squeak a little, and it attracts a few of the boys eyes, but whatever. She's trying to hold back tears, she doesn't want to cry in front of the basketball team. It's bad enough that the whole freshman class probably already knows about what's going on, and she doesn't want any upperclassmen to get a hold of it. It'll only circle back to Billy.

Billy.

If Max was mad enough, which she isn't, she's more upset than anything, she could get him to take care of the situation. Billy has a very mean mouth on him, and to match, his fists get his messages across pretty clearly. It would be too easy for him to scare the ever loving shit out of Lucas. It seems like a good idea until she thinks about that she's the one that brought it upon herself. She's the one that cheated, and she's the one that people will call names solely because Lucas will let them.

“Max?”

Max whips her head around to find Billy on the basketball court, slowly dribbling a ball. He's shirtless and sweaty, and usually that is more than enough to make her stop in her tracks, but even the sinful body of her step-brother can't distract her. She doesn't want Billy to see her like this, with tears down her face and snot starting to build in her nose

She wipes her face and runs out the gym, blocking out Billy's repeated calling for her.

Max spends the rest of day in the girls bathroom, quiet and sad in the large special needs stall. Her tears have dried up, and her nose is getting more and more snotty to the point where she has to breathe through her mouth, but her feelings are still damaged. It hurts so bad, and maybe that's because what Lucas called her is true. No-one told her to cheat on him, to keep leading him on when her heart was clearly in someone else's hands. It was wrong and yet, Max didn't care at the time because her heart kept telling her 'Billy, Billy, Billy', and she was too selfish to consider Lucas.

Every so often, girls would come in to use the bathroom or skip class, and Max tunes them out to best of her ability. She doesn't care for gossip or petty teenage girls problems, as if she isn't in enough shit. She doesn't pay the voices of her fellow students any attention until she hears one of them say her name.

“Did you hear about Max Mayfield?”

There's a soft gasp and then, “No. What happened?”

“She was seen in a car with some senior while she was supposed to be at the dance with Lucas Sinclair. I'm telling you, Penny, these freshmen get bolder each year.”

“Isn't she Billy Hargrove's sister?”

“Yeah, she is. And honestly,” the girl not named Penny says before her voice gets really quiet. “It wouldn't shock me if she cheated on Lucas with him. He's hot. If I were his sister, I'd beg him to take

advantage of me.”

Both of them giggle loudly, and luckily enough, it was loud enough to drown out Max’s crying.

If those two bimbos know about what’s went down, girls who are probably in an upper class, then Max can’t imagine how many more students at Hawkins know. There’s probably people talking about them right now, snickering in class and chatting at lunch about the freshman scandal of the year. She imagines she’ll be talked about for a while, because if word had already spread that fast in less than maybe a few hours, then how bad will be in a few days, or even weeks? How many kids in her class know, and how many are already smearing her name across to their friends?

How many seniors know? If any of them know, then Max just knows that Billy will heard word of it by the end of the day. She doesn’t want him to hear about it from his friends, because if he has to know at all, then he should hear it from Max.

Fuck, this is all her fault, isn’t it? Everything, from the beginning of this whole big mess, to just a few hours prior when Lucas called her a whore, it’s all Max’s doings. She knew it was wrong to cheat on Lucas in the first place, and it was bound to blow up in her face. Cheaters never win, they never get sympathy or even a chance to explain, and she understands why. She’s played this happy young girl for a while now, the act has became what people think her to be. She knows that people perceived her as the happily in love girlfriend.

But, Max also knows her heart wasn’t in the right place with Lucas. After a while, the spark of whatever they had was gone, but she didn’t know how to fix it. It was like being too intimate with a friend, like there was supposed to be boundaries, but there wasn’t. It felt wrong, uncomfortable even, but she couldn’t put a finger on it.

When she kissed Billy, that dark night spent riding the backwoods of Hawkins, she felt the spark on her lips and in her heart. The thing she had lost with Lucas, she found with her step-brother, and the connection with Billy is the strongest thing she’s ever felt. It’s like lightning on her tongue, sweet like sugar, and hot like a summer day. He makes her feel things that Lucas can’t dream of making her feel,

and Billy makes her heart jump every time he merely says her name. He does her like no one else can.

That's not exactly a reason for cheating, that's never okay, but it makes Max feel a little bit better knowing that Billy won't push her away or call her names.

She keeps repeating that in her head until the bell rings, and she meets said boy in the parking lot, like she always does everyday. He's leaning against the Camaro, a mean glare on his face, but that doesn't worry her. He has to keep up the appearance as a top class asshole brother, so she lets the angry frown go because she knows it's for show. It still doesn't do anything to hide the soft blue in his eyes, and how worrisome they turn once Billy gets a look at how disheveled she is.

Max shoves her bag in the backseat, trying her damndest to keep her head down because it's bad enough that he saw her like this. She doesn't need anyone else in the schooling looking at her, the word would get back to Lucas. The humiliation that he's caused her to look like this is evident as she ducks into the car, silent as ever, and patiently waits for Billy to get the message.

He doesn't say anything as she climbs in the car, though, and only lets his hard outer appearance drop once he's in the car with her. His gentle eyes, they search over her quickly as she blinks back tears that she doesn't know if they're from Lucas or from her boyfriend seeing her like this. She feels one slide down her cheek as Billy's gaze gets more intense, and while she appreciates his concern, his scrutiny is not what she needs right now.

"You want to tell me what's wrong?"

His tone is hard, not angry, but almost a little alarmed. Max glances at him to see he's tense, his shoulders drawn tight and arms flexing like he's wanting to punch something. She doesn't blame him.

"No," she says. "I'm fine."

Her voice quivers a little, but it's enough for the point to get across. He revs the engine, pulls the stick shift few times, and then their off

on the road.

The ride to their house is quiet, save for the quiet hum of the car's engine. Billy doesn't even have his radio on, and Max can hear every inhale and exhale they take. It's comforting to have this little moment to them and them only, so despite her tearful eyes and sour mood, she reaches over and grips his hand before pulling into her lap. He glances at her briefly, and decides to let her play with his fingers while he keeps his other hand on the steering wheel. He doesn't even flinch when he feels a hot tear land on his palm.

Billy pulls the car behind the house, and Max noticeably relaxes when she sees that neither Neil or Susan are home yet. She lets go of his hand and turns to grab her bag, but he stops her. His hand gently grasps her forearm.

"Leave it, baby, I'll get it later."

Usually, the little nickname would make her heart skip a beat, but today it made her heart sink a little. She nods and follows him out of the car, gently shutting the passenger door behind her. They climb the back stairs together, Max absent minded leaning against him for support, but he doesn't mind. He allows the close contact.

Max wraps her arms around him before he can shut the back door, and she breathes in heavily. His scent is strong and clean, he's obviously showered at school, and it grounds her. It reminds her that she's got him, comforts her because while Lucas may have been hateful to her, Billy won't do that to her. His strong arms wrap around her and he kisses the top of her head, rubbing her back lightly because he knows she won't open up until she's ready.

As soon as she removes herself from him, Max mumbles something about taking a shower, and gathers her things before heading to the bathroom. She grabs a pair of bed pants, a loose shirt, and underwear, and sets it on the bathroom sink. She turns the shower on to heat up, and then turns to the mirror to access her face.

Max's eyes are still red and watery, angry and sore, and her cheeks are raw and nearly matching in color. She looks like someone who has been through Hell, and maybe she has. Her hair keeps getting in

the way as she wipes at her face, so she angrily pulls at the long locks as they tangle up. Lucas used to love her hair, and she doesn't understand why. Her hair is too long and too thick, and, and, and—

Max pulls the mirror door open and grabs scissors, and before she can calm herself down, she's cutting at her hair. Her eyes are watering, like over flow, and she rip from her throat because she can't stand to have anything that reminds her of Lucas on or around her. Strand after strand falls, and her must've been too loud, because after long, Billy is at the bathroom door. He's hitting the wood with his first and yelling for Max to open it, but she can't stop.

This is what he did, this is what she's done to herself, and this is what she gets for being a little whore. She cheated on Lucas, she broke his trust, and she's going to end up hurting Billy because she's a horrible person. What if she cheats on Billy, and he'll leave her, and—

Billy breaks through the bathroom door with his shoulder, and he's grabbing the scissors and wrapping his arms around her before she has time to scramble away. Max is still sobbing, loud and ugly and it hurts her throat, but the warmth from her step-brothers arms is a shocking comfort. The itch of her cut hair isn't bothering it like it should be, and maybe that's because she's got the one person that she needs holding her, grounding her, making sure she knows that she's safe. Billy is with her, he's not leaving.

"It's okay," the blonde whispers, his lips on the crown of her head. "Whatever it is, it's okay. I've got you."

Max let's his words sink in, let's the warmth from him and the solid body comfort her, because all she wants is right there.

Billy is all she needs.

Author's Note:

Well, talk about break down.

Was it good? Was it bad? Do you think Lucas was out of line? Was Max out of line? Is Billy being a good boy? Don't worry, I'm going to fix Max's hair!

I may include smut in the next update. Would you like to read it? Do you like the series so far? Let me know!

Comments are my fuel, so fill me up!

Suggestions and ideas are always open, just comment!